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A "GOOD FELLOW"

* By Florence Lillian Henderson *

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"Who's the new hand?"

"He calls himself Lynn Durand. He won't set the works on fire, for he's a greeny in our line. Seems to want to learn, though."

It was a good place to learn a certain branch of mechanical construction, the big plant of the Biddleton Electric works. More than one humble apprentice had graduated to high and responsible positions through efficiency and application. The policy of the house was to employ young men and develop their ability rapidly, pushing them ahead where they deserved it.

The new hand had come from a distance—with favorable recommendations, it was said. It was easy to discern that he had been well brought up, and was a college man. The cut of his clothes, the way he carried himself, his free and easy independence, though coupled with a courteous and obliging manner, showed that he was unused to the exertions of labor.

As to his antecedents and ambitions Lynn Durand kept his own counsel.

"Folks have a little money," he explained to his young labor chums, "and wanted me to learn something practical. Truth is, I'm not quick and smart enough for a profession and am wise enough to know it. Been meddling with electricity since I was a kid and this experience may bring something out in me."

Durand was taken into the circle of young men about his own age who worked at the Middleton plant, and duly initiated into their industrial and social routine. Their work was less manual than experimental and educational. They belonged to good families in the village, dressed well and were only a fair average as to roisterous and convivial characteristics.

All hands took to Durand. He was voted "a genuinely good fellow!" He had plenty of money and was liberal. He was likable as a companion and open and above board, except as to his antecedents and purposes.

The "good fellow" element in Durand was imposed upon, but he did not flinch from the dictates of generous impulse. When any of the boys wanted an advance he went to Durand—and always got it. One young fellow employee, Ellis Bruce,



Saw an Officer of the Bank

was always in financial difficulties. He was an ingenuous, free-hearted young man, but never considering any provision for the future. Durand was not sorry he had helped him young fellow employee, Ellis Bruce, introduced him to his sister, Maude Bruce. Maude completely filled the ideals of Durand as to feminine perfection. Love had never knocked at the door of his heart. It did so now—imperiously, with effect. He was in love.